

Waiting for the Results

by
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If only
they wouldn't keep you
waiting so long.

I sweat, though it's not warm in here.
Shifting in my seat.
Thumbing through a mindless
waiting room magazine.
Telling me how to be thin, happy and
decorate a seaside cottage.

I steal furtive glances at the other
Waiters.

Some of them are obviously fellow bad-choice makers.
Coulda
Woulda
Shoulda
Done better, chose different.
We're all here.

The lucky and the unlucky
Unsorted
We wait together.

While our fates
Crouch behind
Beige door number one.

She's calling my name now.
The nurse who smiles cheerfully
At heads or tails.

I wipe my sweaty palms on my pants and rise
To meet It.